# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.


Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.


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## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

*For the Port Folio.*

### THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 165.

In three things is Wisdom beautified:—the unity of brethren; the love of neighbours; and a man and wife that agree well together."

MR. SAUNTER,

IN the discharge of the social and relative duties of benevolence and friendship, in the exemplification of virtue in its most amiable and engaging form, is Wisdom said to be *beautified:*—an Eastern mode of expression, which means "adorned in the most elegant manner, or shown in the highest style of embellishment."

It would, doubtless, be pleasing and grateful, if we could satisfactorily assent to Lord Shaftesbury's opinion,—that benevolence is the characteristic of man, and that his knowledge, in obedience to the dictates of his nature, would direct the individual to consider himself but as one of the family of mankind, and that each should direct his conduct for the good of the whole. This representation, or hypothesis, however, is too favourable for observation to vindicate, too refined for experience to realize.

But we cannot, with Helvetius, consider man as an animal entirely selfish, and that his every action proceeds from the principle of self-love. Observation and experience will shew that this symptom is as much out of Nature as the other. In fact, it will be found, that man is a complex being, composed of principles partly benevolent and partly selfish; endowed with a perception that his conduct ought to be conformable to his nature, and that, in advancing his own interest, he ought not altogether to neglect that of others: hence the universal disapprobation, and almost universal self-reproach, of those who confine their whole time and thought within their own little sphere.

In no record of human actions shall we find the principle of benevolence more fully exemplified than in the Scriptures, and in no history are the facts reported with such simplicity, such candour, and occasionally with such pathos; the history of Joseph and his brethren alone would afford ground for this belief. There human actions and motives, and there the affections are displayed in such a manner, that fictitious narrative, even when the purpose of the writer has been to affect the feelings, has never equalled. In the conduct of Joseph to his brethren (to which it is only necessary to advert) we find the most affecting manifestation of this principle: the workings and operations of a heart overflowing with brotherly love. Who but must envy the feelings of Joseph! who but must wish to imitate his conduct!

In the speech of Judah, when he thought he was addressing an Egyptian ruler, wherein he endeavoured to de-

precate his wrath, and move his compassion, we find so much of pathos, so much of the language of the heart, that we may safely challenge all the words of forensic eloquence for the example of any thing superior, or even equal; and when, at the conclusion of his speech, he begs to be taken as a bond-man or slave, in place of his younger brother, who he then supposed would be in that situation, we find ourselves so affected, and so astonished, that we cannot say whether we are most moved by the filial and fraternal affection of the man, or the pathetic eloquence of the orator. Well might the Son of Sirach say, that *Wisdom was beautified in the unity of brethren.*

Though the *love of neighbours* may be properly called philanthropy, and though the attachment of individuals to one another may not properly come under that head, yet, as the motive or principle is nearly the same, we may permit the illustration and inference to be coincident.

We shall advert to the history of the friendship of David and Jonathan. Were we asked where friendship and benevolence shone with the purest lustre, we know not that we could answer better than by pointing to the character and conduct of the Son of Saul. We find him with all the warmth of an ingenuous mind, attaching himself to David upon the discovery of the modest demeanour of the latter, after his defeat of the Philistine; testifying this attachment by clothing the young shepherd from his own wardrobe, to befit him to appear at court; watching the rise and progress of his father's jealousy and malice, and venturing to vindicate David from unjust accusations, which had the desired success for the time; entering into measures with him to discover what danger was to be apprehended from his father's resentment; his behaviour, in the event of that discovery, while conscious that his friendship had a tendency to enable David to ascend the throne to which he himself had an equitable right; his covenant with him, and the terms of that covenant, with every subsequent part of his conduct, while at the same time he maintained the character of a dutiful son, all conduce to make us consider him as a star in the diadem of benevolence, and that *Wisdom was beautified* in his example. Well might David lament his death, in strains of undisguised sorrow: "I am "distressed for thee, my brother Jona- "than; very pleasant hast thou been "unto me; thy love to me was (indeed) "wonderful."

We may be permitted to draw a few inferences from the above characteristical sketches. When we consider ourselves qualified for society in a manner suited to our capacity, can we overlook the hand of our Maker, who thus adapts means so much within our own power, to an important end, namely, our own happiness? By constituting the principle of the *moral sense* in our breasts, he hath thereby made a provision both of power and willingness, to reward or punish the observance or neglect of duty. Impelled by this principle we reward the virtuous with approbation and esteem, and punish the wicked with disapprobation and contempt; and so prevalent is this principle, that we have great satisfaction in rewarding, and no less so in punishing.

Self-punishment, or remorse, as consequent of vicious actions, is a confirmation of this proposition: for, however passion or interest may obscure our perception of duty, or prosperity smother the dread of punishment, yet the sense is never altogether extinct; occasions of alarm will awaken, and give it exercise.

The sons of Jacob seemed to have lost sight of the crime of selling their brother, until their misfortune awakened their conscience; and, though they could see no connection between their crime and their calamity, yet their consciousness of the want of innocence led them to conclude that the latter was the reward of the former.

"And they said one to another, we "are verily guilty concerning our bro- "ther, in that we saw the anguish of "his soul when he besought us," &c. And Reuben answered them, saying, "Spake I not unto you, saying, Do not

" sin against the child, and ye would " not hear? therefore behold also his " blood is required," &c.

But the beauty of virtue is not less apprehended by the sense, than is the deformity of moral turpitude. Connubial harmony is not less a subject of its approbation, than is matrimonial discord of its condemnation. Thus virtue may be considered as another branch of benevolence, and may be illustrated in the same manner.

How grateful and pleasing is it to contemplate the honour and kindness of the wealthy citizen of Bethlehem-Judah, towards the widow of the house of Elimelech, his kinsman. It is not difficult to conceive the grateful surprise of Boaz, when, according to the innocent simplicity of those times, she made herself known to him. We can easily imagine him addressing her after this manner:

" Thou virtuous young proselyte to the religion of my father, and to the customs of my country; thou hast fully shown that thou art highly worthy of the family of thy adoption; and in thus selecting me, thou hast done that family more honour; thou hast shown it more kindness *now* than even *at the beginning:* surely in the integrity and innocency of thy heart hast thou done this. Thy virtuous conduct is well known, and my sense of it shall be made conspicuous in *the city of my people.*

" Yes, thou amiable young widow of the house of Elimelech, thy virtuous reliance on my honour, and thy ingenuous and authorized claim on me as a kinsman, have their reward. It hath pleased the God of my fathers to bless my substance so, that the hand of plenty can minister to the liberal wish of benevolence, and of this thou shalt be the partner to enjoy, and the mistress to dispense. I will be to thee a covering of the eyes, and a shield of defence, and thou shalt be to me as a signet of emerald, set in precious gold." With dispositions such as these, what a prospect was there of matrimonial felicity; of being exemplars of virtue, and of encreasing the family of benevolence; of *doing worthily in Ephratah*, and of *being famous in Bethlehem.*

As friendship constitutes the greater part of our happiness, without which glory and riches would be a burthen, and pleasure soon lose its relish, where may this be so completely realized as in the marriage state? Where can such resemblance and conformity be expected as between two persons who ought to have the same heart and the same soul? What conversation more free than between those who have come under mutual obligation never to part? Surely Wisdom may be *said to be beautified*, when each faithful companion unbosoms his every joy and every sorrow, and entrusts every private thought with an entire confidence; every instance will furnish either side with new occasions to glory in their choice; their desires will be gratified in their mutual satisfaction, and their separate love of show and distinction will be absorbed in domestic felicity.

This happiness (says a late philosopher) will be most effectually realized when the parts adapted to each party are properly executed; when the husband and wife govern and are governed reciprocally, by means satisfactory to both: the man bearing rule over his wife's person and conduct,—she over his inclinations: he governing by law—she by persuasion.

" L'empire de la femme," says the philosopher of Geneva, " est une empire de douceurs," &c. The passage in English thus:—" The empire of a woman is an empire of softness, of address, and of complacency; her commands are caresses, her menaces are tears: she ought to reign in the family, like a minister in the state, by making that which is her inclination be enjoined to her as her duty," &c.

Thus have we attempted to illustrate, in some degree, the beauty of benevolence, under the threefold view presented by the son of Sirach; and if small achievements are not mocked by the appropriation of important qualifications, we might conclude in the words of another Apocryphal writer, " If done

well it is that which we desired; if slenderly and meanly, it is all that we could attain unto."

QUIDAM.

## THE DAY.

### BY DAVID DIARY.

No. 8.

While tuneful science measures out the Day.
P. WHITEHEAD.

I HAVE been so long absorbed in politics, that I owe it, as well to my readers as to my neglected correspondents, to assure them that

Not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt;

and, to be sure, I am about to present the former with a hopeful specimen of my own poetical pursuits! The best of the matter is, that this will not delay me long in bringing forward a part of the favours of the latter, among whom I shall always be proud and happy to spend the Day.

Know, then, most gentle reader, that, among the *jeu-d'esprits* that occur in the English newspapers, there have been, since the epoch of Ireland's imposture, pretended passages of Shakspeare, applied to public characters; and, happening this morning to read a page in the *Winter's Tale*, instead of putting on my stockings, it struck me that the following real passage might bear no difficult application to a young husband in whose conduct, in behalf of a little country-woman, we have all much interest:

*M. J——e B——————e.*

It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith; and then
Let nature crush the sides o' th' earth together,
And mar the seeds within!—Lift up thy looks.—
From my succession wipe me, *brother!* I
Am heir to my affection. Desperate?
So call it; but it fulfils my vow;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair beloved!

Among the canting and sickening quotations from the poets, which so often accompany our newspaper-annunciations of deaths and marriages, I have seen few more offensive, to a taste really good, than that which is to-day employed to decorate a nuptial record. Before I transcribe it, I must observe that, placing myself in the situation of a sensible woman, I know not how I should forgive the coxcomb that had exhibited me to the public in a manner so ridiculous:

Her form is fresher than the morning rose,
When the dew wets its leaves;
The modest virtues mingle in her eyes,
Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flow'rs.

*All which, Sir*, as it is said by Hamlet, *though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down.* I might go on to read a very useful lecture, drawn from this acute observation; but I shall spare it, for the present, at the least. I prefer to finish my share of the Day by citing one of the speeches of the character I have just named, and which I propose as an example of Shakspeare's capacity for the tender, the majestic, the true sublime; for beauty, richness, and regularity of diction; and for smoothness of verse:

O all you host of heav'n! O earth! what else?
And shall I couple hell? Oh fy!—Hold, hold, my heart!
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up!—Remember thee?
Ay, thou poor ghost, while mem'ry holds a seat
In this distracted globe! Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there,
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter! Yes, by heaven.
O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling damned villain!
My tables!—meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain:
At least, I am sure it may be so in Denmark!

MR. DIARY,

The constancy with which Mr. Fennell has hitherto devoted himself to the repetition of some little score of pieces, has reduced to a much narrower compass than might otherwise have happened, the circle of my remarks; and, as it does not appear that his readings and recitations, which are now drawing to a close, will be distinguished by any further novelties, I propose, in my present letter, to take leave of the subject. It is not my intention, here, to enter into any detail of those imperfections from the imitation of which the hearers of Mr. Fennell should be as careful to preserve themselves, as they may be anxious to emulate his beauties. I shall confine myself to general principles.

Permit me, however, before I enter upon the topics I have in view, to correct a mistake, into which, in one of my former letters, I have fallen. I have censured Mr. Fennell for a defective delivery of the words, *a throne in hell.* This criticism was the result of a misapprehension of the text. There are no such words. What I mistook them for, is the conclusion of a verse in Satan's Soliloquy:

While they adore me on the *throne of hell.*

I am not ashamed to commit my share of blunders; but it afflicts me to leave unacknowledged what I commit.

In my first letter, I promised to consider more at large that *principle* of oratory upon which it is affected to *imitate* the things *described;* but, on the first thought of pursuing the attack, it appears to me in so indefensible a shape, that I am willing to leave it in peace; and this so much the more as I have observed Mr. Fennell to be not very unwilling to abandon it:

Bella geri placuit nullos habitura triumphos?

I content myself with applying to its adherents the words of Dr. Young:

Be dumb, those grov'ling sons of verse,
Who *sing* not actions, but *rehearse!*

There is another point, however, of equal importance to the lovers of verse, and of which I have hitherto said little. I allude to nothing less than prosody, of the laws of which it is monstrous to see a public reader betray a total ignorance, or a no less ignorant contempt. I have already noticed Mr. Fennell's murder of the verse—

E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries;

but, it may appear incredible to those who have not, like myself, had the misfortune to hear it, that he should add a syllable to the last of the following verses:

——— And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace with a woful ballad,
Made to his mistress' eye-brow.

Here, Mr. Fennell gave us,

Made to his mistress's eye-brow.

Perhaps (for such things happen) some one fiercely stands up, and tells me, that Mr. Fennell is perfectly in the right; for that, if read with the elision, it would appear that the ballad were made to *Mrs. Eyebrow!* I have only to answer to this smart gentleman, that the thing is impossible, if the words be supposed to be read by any one who can read at all.

I know not what is to become of prosody, if, at the same time, our printers, editors, and writers, neglect the elisions in our books, and our speakers on their lips.

Thus, we are all, now, such masters in the art of reading, that every assistance of the press is withheld: instead of—

He scorn'd all caution, all advice disclaim'd,

we have—

He scorned all caution, all advice disclaimed;

and, for—

At once, transplanted by the sorc'rer's wand—
At once, transplanted by the sorcerer's wand.

The elisions of the genitive case are of another class. On whatever occasions it may be proper that the poet should avoid them, it is always incumbent on the reader to observe the measure; but Mr. Fennell would teach us, for—

When on this Janus' other face we gaze,

to read—

When on this Janus's other face we gaze!

The further backward we follow the British poets, the more frequently these elisions occur, but they must be nume-

rous in every poem, and if they are to be rejected or neglected, there is an end of the harmony of verse. I speak with the more warmth and decision on this subject, because it is not of a nature to have any appeal on our candour, and because it appears to be in some danger of receiving a general misinterpretation. I would be the last to build a censure on occasional lapses of memory or mere inadvertences, but obstinate errors deserve no quarter. I find, in some critiques of an older date, that Mr. Cooper has not always been free from the same caprices. For—

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won,

he gave—

It was at the royal feast for Persia won.

But, it is not only by this unjustifiable filling up of elisions that Mr. Fennell too frequently destroys the beauty of the poems he reads or recites. He neglects the cadence and the rhymes. This, too, is done upon *principle*, and therefore I shall not spare it. I know that there are many who will seriously tell us in how much they prefer sense to sound. I hope this is so with us all. But, it is the boast of poetry to unite sense with sound; and, when this is really done, those who come with their grave doctrine only give us to understand that the reading of verse is an art with which they are unacquainted. They confound the cadences of verse with the pauses of grammar; whereas, in the voice of a good reader of poetry, nothing can be more separate. The end of a line is marked very different from the end or even division of a sentence. But they do confound them; and, hence, they make it a rule to attend to the one, in contempt of the other. Thus, Mr. Fennell, in his favorite ode on Madness, never suffers us to distinguish the rhymes *quite* and *delight* in the verses—

Forgotten quite
All former scenes of dear delight.

Mr. Fennell allows himself no rest, till he reaches the full point:

Forgotten quite all former scenes of dear delight;

but, is *quite* an unimportant word in this sentence? Does it not deserve to be dwelt upon, as much for the sense as for the sound?

Forgotten—quite—
All former scenes of dear delight!

and thus, not to multiply instances, it was with the utmost difficulty that I could discover a few of the rhymes, in his recitation of Coleman's tale.

Persons who defend this method of reading must have totally forgotten the two-fold object of poetry, insisted on above:

To feast the fancy and *enchant the ear;*

they must be insensible to the force of that objection which, justly or unjustly, Dr. Johnson brings against the *Bard: The Ode is finished before the ear has learned its measures, and consequently before it can receive pleasure from their consonance and recurrence.* To those who would thus destroy our taste in these matters, by misleading us as to the laws of verse, I submit the following observations, which occur in one of Mr. Mason's notes on the '*Progress of Poesy:*'

'It will not, surely, be improper, at the conclusion of this ode, so peculiarly admirable for the musical flow of its numbers, to mention one circumstance relative to English Lyric Poetry in general, and much to its honour, which has lately been communicated to me by an ingenious friend. It is this:—"That it can fully, at least when in the hands of such a master, support its harmony without the assistance of *music*. For there is reason to believe that in the Greek-Ode, of which we are taught to think so highly, the power of numbers was little perceived without the effectual aid of a musical accompaniment. And we have in proof of this supposition the express testimonies of Cicero and Quintilian. The first, in his *Orator* (a finished performance, and of which he speaks himself in the highest terms, *Ep. Fam.* vi, 18.) makes the following observation: *Sed in versibus res est apertior: quamquam etiam à modis quibusdam, cantu remoto, soluto esse videatur oratio, maximéque id in optimo quoque eorum poëtarum, qui Λυρικοὶ à Græcis nominantur: quos cùm cantu spoliaveris,*

*nuda pænè remanet oratio.*"—ORATOR. No. 183. He gives a further instance from the poets of his own country, which I do not here cite as any additional proof of the point in question, but as the clearest illustration of his meaning in the foregoing quotation: *Quorum similia sunt quædam etiam apud nostros: velut illa in Thyeste,*

*Quemnam te esse dicam? qui tardâ in senectute:*

*Et quæ sequuntur: quæ, nisi cùm tibicem accessit, orationi sunt solutæ simillima.*—*Ibid.* The second testimony, that of Quintilian, is also full to our present purpose: *Poëtas certè legendos Orationi futuro concesserint: num igitur hi sine Musice? at si quis tam cæcus animi est, ut de alus dubit et: illos certè, qui carmina ad lyram composuerunt.*—*Quintilianus, lib.* 1, *cap.* 17.—Here, we see that, whatever might be the case with some other kinds of poetry, in the Ode the want of an accompanying lyre could not be dispensed with.

'Thus then, if we rely on these classical authorities, stood the Greek-Ode, claiming, in the exhibition of a beauty so essential to its perfection, the kind assistance of an inferior art; while the Lyrics of Mr. Gray, with the richness of imagery and glow of expression, breathe also the various modulations of an intrinsic and independent melody.

'For this singular advantage, so little known or considered, we are certainly indebted to RHYME; and, whatever opinion may be formed of its use in other kinds of poetry, we may conclude from hence that it is a necessary support to the harmony of our Ode.'

It is not my intention to amplify or illustrate, as I easily might, these hints on measures and rhymes; but I wish the subject were a little more generally understood: we should not, then, see a literary invitation couched in *musical numbers* like these:

Hither the products of your closet-labours bring,
Enrich our columns, and instruct mankind;

or, at the worst, what verses have been left us, by immortal bards, would not be reduced, by public speakers, into similar doggrel.

There are those who do not admire verse; it is recorded of one gentleman, that he said, poets were the best writers, next to prose; and, probably, there are thousands of gentlemen and ladies of the same opinion. I enter into no question of this kind; but I am at a loss to discover, why it is that such as set their faces against the musical flow of numbers, and against rhyme, read or recite, publicly or privately, the works of the poets? What is to become of poetry I know not, if, as hitherto, so many poets give us nothing but sound, and our readers deprive us of that!

AUDITOR.

MR. DIARY,

I am not sure that the correction of the text of Shakspeare which I am about to offer has not already been proposed; but, as I cannot recollect to have seen it, I have resolved on committing it to your care:

—— all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life 's but a walking shadow.
*Macbeth, Act V, sc. 5.*

I cannot but believe that Shakspeare wrote,

—— all our yesterdays have *lighted* fools
The way to *dusky* death. Out, out, brief *candle!*
Life 's but a walking shadow.

There is another trifling particular or two, in the works of the same poet, on which I beg leave to offer an opinion. The first refers to an extraordinary criticism of Mr. Wakefield, whose words I must quote more at large than will, at first sight, seem to be necessary:

"The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword.' *Shakspeare.*

'That is, "the courtier's eye, the sol-"dier's sword, the scholar's tongue."

'This singularity often occurs in Mr. Pope. But the *courtier's eye*, in the line just quoted, ever observant of the motions and will of his sovereign, gives me an opportunity of explaining a passage of Shakspeare, which is most grievously perverted and misunderstood:

" ——————— and then the lover,
" Sighing like furnace with a woful ballad
" Made to his mistress' eye-brow."

So the passage is pointed in all the editions and quotations that I ever saw; but surely nothing can be more erroneous. For who ever heard of a ballad made TO another? It is nonsensical, and absolutely indefensible.

'A comma should be put at *ballad*, in order to connect *made to his mistress' eye-brow*—with *the lover*, who is the proper subject of the passage. *The lover, made to his mistress' eye-brow*—obedient to her *nod*—subservient to her *wink*—depending upon her *eye:* as submissive as even the world was to the widow:

The world depend upon your *eye*,
And 'when you frown upon it, die.'

Mr. Wakefield's habitual dogmatism shall not deter me from declaring my unqualified dissent from this proposed reading. I can see no reason why a comma should not be placed after *ballad;* but I am satisfied that it is, as it has been always understood, the *ballad*, and not the *lover*, that is

*Made* to his mistress' eye-brow.

Mr. Wakefield triumphantly asks, *Who ever heard of a ballad made* TO *another?* It is true that, in our modern phraseology, *to* does not agree with *ballad;* but the whole force of Mr. W.'s objection rests on the exclusive application of the term ballad to a species of composition which is now uniformly historical, and in consequence of which application, we say, *a ballad* OF; but the word *ballad*, which has its root in the Greek *βαλα*, was formerly of more comprehensive meaning. In our age, we should say a SONNET TO *his mistress' eye-brow.* Mr. Wakefield ought to have recollected that we say a *song* TO, and that *ballad* and *song* were, formerly, at least more synonymous than they are at present. I believe that, in Johnson, there is the verb *to ballad*, to make verses; but, however, this may be, I can produce an example from the old French of Charles d'Orleans:

De balader j'ai beau loisir;
Autre deduits me sont cassez.

*Balader*, says a glossarist, is *faire des vers.*

After citing any thing so strained and superficial from Mr. Wakefield, I may, with the less danger of wounding the feelings of contemporary critics, examine, in part, a Shaksperian question, which has arisen in this city:

You make me strange
Ev'n to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the nat'ral ruby of your cheeks
While mine are blanch'd with fear.

Of two favourite actors, one, it seems, reads, *while mine* ARE, and the other, *while mine* IS; and the question turns upon the nominative case of the verb. Are Macbeth's *cheeks* blanched, or is it the *ruby* in his cheeks? I shall not enter into an examination of the learned arguments that have been brought forward on the subject, but confine myself to a simple statement of my opinion. By *ruby*, I understand *redness*, or *colour*. Now, we cannot say of *redness* that it is *blanched:* suppose, then, that we read,

And keep the natural ruby of *your* cheeks,
While *mine* are blanch'd with fear?—

LETUS.

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*For the Port Folio.*

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. John Watts has in the press, and will shortly publish by subscription, in one volume, large octavo, from the fourth London edition, just published by Cadell and Davies, in quarto, the celebrated Classical Dictionary of Dr. Lempriere. This valuable work, which, to every classical scholar, is a guide as indispensible as the dictionary of Henry Stephens, or Robert Ainsworth, supersedes every other book employed upon a similar subject. Though there are many rival publications, this has obtained the widest currency. It contains a very copious, minute, amusing, and instructive account, of *all* the proper names which occur in the classics; together with several accurate tables, &c.

Mr. Watts is also about to put to press Adam's Roman Antiquities, which will be edited and greatly enlarged for the use of colleges and other seminaries of learning by several gentlemen of distinguished taste and abilities.

*For the Port Folio.*

## MISCELLANY.

### Letter from a Gentleman in England to his friend in Philadelphia.

*Wakefield, Feb.* 3, 1806.

Dear Sir,

My last of August 5th, replied to yours of May 25th. I have so long waited for an answer to this letter as at last to give up all hopes of receiving one. Perhaps your last letter is lost; if so, write in future by the Packet. Trust not to your merchantmen; for, not being free agents, they are unaccountable beings, frequently destined to go contrary to their destination.

I kept my intention as to Wales, and in ten weeks perambulated the Principality, with the addition of Monmouthshire and Cheshire.

I was on the whole well gratified with my tour through the land of your forefathers; yet it did not altogether answer my expectations.

What are Snowden and Cader-Idris to one who has clambered the Alleghany mountains, ridge after ridge? What is the romantic scenery on the straits of Menai, in the vale of Llanberris, of Gwinnant, and of Beddgolest, to the passage of the Hudson through the Highlands, and the united waters of the Shenandoah and the Potowmac breaking through the Blue Ridge? Its cataracts, what are they? I saw none to match even the Pasaic: Yet while surveying the falls of the Mawddock, a German asked me if I had ever seen any thing so grand? "Ask a British tar (replied I) if he has ever seen a mill-pond? I have seen Niagara!"

America is not an Arcadia; and consequently has nothing that will vie with the vales of the Clwyd, of the Dwyryd,* of the Rheidol, of the Towy, of the Nedd, of the Taff, of the Wye, and of the Dee. You want our perpetual verdure, and that light and elegant arrangement of wood in open groves, compact coppices, scattered shrubbery, and single trees. Yet beautiful as are these vales, I had explored very many in England which had yielded equal if not superior delight. It is the rude and sublime scenery surrounding the base of Snowden, which stamps that characteristic feature of Wales, which is the source of attraction to our summer wanderers.

Another beauty of Wales is totally unknown in your country, which, though artificial, has perhaps attracted as many admirers as all her native graces,—I mean her castles and her abbeys. Conwy, Carnarvon, and Beaumaris castles convey at one glance a more exalted idea of the power and majesty of Edward the First than the pens of our historians. To survey the ruins of Tintern abbey* and then cast a look at our modern churches, you cannot suppose them dedicated to the same being, or that the race of Britons is mournfully degenerated either in piety or in power.

You would probably suppose Welch scenery defective without the goat; yet I only saw three goats in Wales. I except a group of *Spanish* goats in Wynnstay Park. The goat is supplanted by the stag. In every sequestered dell you would expect a cottage—the cottagers frugal, cleanly, simple, and happy.—Alas! the stag is an inmate, the floor is of mud, the whitewash on the outside, and the peasant a churl. At the inns you would expect humble fare and moderate charges.—You would find the fare humble, truly! with extortion, greediness, and imposition.

In Carnarvonshire they retain a custom which you in America are leaving off—the custom of bundling! Here, however, it is confined to *sweethearts*. If the visit is made at noon-day, to bed they go for at least an hour or two!

On my return I had traversed 1139 miles, of which 1019 were performed on foot, and the remaing 120 were casual *helps*.

If you will refer to my last letter, you will perceive that my sentiments of Calder and Nelson were justified by the events.—One is disgraced by a Court-Martial, and the other, like Wolfe, "died in the lap of victory that moment won."

What an eventful period has passed since I last wrote to you! An army marching in September from the shore of the British Channel is by the first week in December triumphant over the united armies of two of the greatest potentates on the Continent of Europe, and by the very *windage* of that blow scattering the armies of England, of Sweden, and of Naples, and recoiling those of Prussia!

It now officially appears, that Russia and Austria were engaged to bring 495,000 men into the field by the month of October! On the 2d of December Buonaparte conquered Austria, and ordered Russia to go home again! Austria opened the campaign with 315,000 men; yet, in the action that decided her fate, 25,000 Austrians only were present!!!

Nothing more seemed necessary to complete the triumph of Buonaparte; yet, before he had recovered the fatigues of his lunar campaigns, his good Fortune, the Goddess he adores, and with whom he is united in the most indissoluble bonds, announces to him the welcome news of the death of Nelson, of Pitt, and of Earl Cornwallis! What other triumphs are reserved for this man? Risen from a dunghill to a throne—surrounded by tributary Kings—the distributer of crowns—

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* See Lord Lyttleton's Description of the Vale of Ffistiniog.

* In Monmouthshire, which when this abbey was built made a part of Wales. It still preserves the Welch character and manners.

how much higher is he to rise before the justice of Heaven overwhelms him? That he, his family, and his empire is to fall, and that speedily and with awful ruin, I feel assured, and consequently look forwards with confidence. Heaven has so frequently and so signally interposed in the protection and defence of this nation, that I cannot for a moment encourage the idea that we are to be added to the list of the subjugated nations. United with allies, we are driven home by the very whiff of the Corsican's sword:—when dependant upon ourselves and Heaven, look to Seringapatam; to Syria; to Egypt; to the orbicular course of that brilliant star, Nelson, a fiery comet, baleful only to the foes of England! How signally, too, protected from the plots and treasons of English Jacobins, of Irish Rebels, and of mutinous Fleets!

I have but one wish—that we make no peace with France but on equal terms: as these are not likely to be granted, welcome war! welcome national bankruptcy! "*Perish Commerce!*" so we preserve our liberty.

I can submit to the loss of all my property, and to the loss of life, but not to a peace dictated by our foe. To use a Cock-pit expression, "As we have lived, may we, if we are to die, die *game!*"

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*For the Port Folio.*

[Shortly before his decease, EDMUND BURKE communicated to Mr. Pitt an invaluable pamphlet on an important topic of Political Economy. This legacy of Wisdom and Experience the author modestly entitled, "Thoughts on Scarcity." It abounds with instruction, and exhibits many of the characteristic beauties of Burke. As this pamphlet is not to be found in Dodsley's edition, some of our readers will not be ungrateful to us for transcribing the ensuing passage. If we be not greatly deceived, it will be considered, by all the disciples of the Old School, as equally profound and just.]

To provide for men, in their necessities, is not in the power of Government. It would be a vain presumption in statesmen to think they can do it. The people maintain them, and not they the people. It is in the power of Government to prevent much evil; it can do very little positive good. The rich are the pensioners of the poor, and are maintained by their superfluity.

The labouring people are only poor, because they are numerous. Numbers, in their nature, imply poverty. In a fair distribution among a vast multitude, none can have much. That class of dependent pensioners, called the rich, is so extremely small, that if all their throats were cut, and a distribution made of all they consume in a year, it would not give a bit of bread and cheese for one night's supper to those who labour, and who in reality feed both the pensioners and themselves.

But the throats of the rich ought not to be cut, nor their magazines plundered; because, in their persons they are trustees for those who labour, and their hoards are the banking houses of these latter. Whether they mean it or not they do, in effect, execute their trust—some with more, some with less fidelity and judgment. But, on the whole, the duty is performed, and every thing returns, deducting some very trifling commission and discount, to the place from whence it arose. When the poor rise to destroy the rich, they act as wisely for their own purposes as when they burn mills, or throw corn into the river to make bread cheap.

Nothing can be so base and wicked as the political canting language, "The labouring *poor.*" Let compassion be shewn in action, the more the better, according to every man's ability, but let there be no lamentation of their condition. It is no relief to their miserable circumstances; it is only an insult to their miserable understandings. It arises from a total want of charity, and a total want of thought. Want of one kind was never relieved by want of any other kind. Patience, labour, sobriety, frugality, and religion, should be recommended to them. All the rest is downright fraud.

The balance between consumption and production makes price. The market settles, and alone can settle, that price. Market is the meeting and conference of the consumer and producer, when they mutually discover each other's wants. Nobody, I believe, has observed with any reflection, what market is, without being astonished at the truth, the correctness, the celerity, the general equity, with which the balance of wants is settled. They who wish the destruction of that balance, and would fain, by arbitrary regulation, decree that defective production should not be compensated by encreased price, directly lay the axe to the root of production itself.

Let us be saved from too much wisdom of our own, and we shall do tolerably well. It is one of the finest problems in legislation, and what has often engaged my thoughts whilst I followed that profession, "What the state ought to take upon itself to direct by the public wisdom, and what it ought to leave, with as little interference as possible, to individual discretion." Nothing, certainly, can be laid down on the subject, that will not admit of exceptions, many permanent, some occasional. But the clearest line of distinction, which I could draw whilst I had my chalk to draw any line, was this. That the state ought to confine itself to what regards the state, or the creatures of the state, namely, the exterior establishment of its religion; its magistracy; its revenue; its military force by sea

and land; the corporations that owe their existence to its fiat; in a word, to every thing that is truly and properly public; to the public peace, to the public safety, to the public order, to the public prosperity. In its preventive police it ought to be sparing of its efforts, and to employ means rather few, unfrequent, and strong, than many and frequent, and, of course, as they multiply their puny politic race, small and feeble. Statesmen, who know themselves, will, with the dignity which belongs to true wisdom, proceed only in this, the superior orb and first mover of their duty, steadily, vigilantly, severely, courageously; whatever remains will, in a manner, provide for itself But, as they descend from the state to a province, from a province to a parish, and from a parish to a private house, they go on accelerated in their fall. They *cannot* do the lower duty; and, in proportion as they try it, they will certainly fail in the higher. They ought to know the different departments of things; what belongs to laws, and what manners alone can regulate. To these, great politicians may give a leaning, but they cannot give a law.

*For the Port Folio.*

[A favourite writer has described with so much humour and accuracy, some of the distress of a taciturn and studious recluse, that I cannot resist an impulse to transcribe it for the Port Folio. The settlement, which our whimsical bachelor at length finds in a well-governed and docile family, appears admirably well suited to the peculiar manners and solitary genius of the literary character.]

At my coming to London, it was some time before I could settle myself in a house to my liking I was forced to quit my first lodgings, by reason of an *officious landlady* that would be asking me every morning how I had slept. I then fell into an honest family, and lived very happily for above a week; when my landlord who was a *jolly good natured man*, took it into his head *that I wanted company*, and therefore would frequently come into my chamber *to keep me from being alone*. This I bore for two or three days, but telling me one day that he *was afraid I was melancholy*, I thought it was *high time for me to be gone*, and accordingly took new lodgings that very night. About a week after, I found my *jolly landlord* who, as I said before, was an *honest hearty man*, had put me into an advertisement of the *Daily Courant* in the following words "Whereas a *melancholy man* left his lodgings on Thursday last in the afternoon, and was afterwards seen going towards Islington; if any one can give notice of him to R. B. Fishmonger in the Strand, he shall be very well rewarded for his pains." As I am the best man in the world to keep my own counsel, and my landlord the *fishmonger* not knowing my name, this accident of my life was never discovered to this very day.

I am now settled with a widow woman, who has a great many children, and *complies with my humour* in every thing. I do not remember that we have exchanged a word together, these five years. My coffee comes into my chamber every morning without asking for it; if I want fire, I point to my chimney; if water, to my bason: upon which my landlady nods, as much as to say she takes my meaning, and immediately obeys my signals. She has likewise modelled her family so well, that when her little boy offers to pull me by the coat, or prattle in my face, his eldest sister immediately calls him off, and bids him *not disturb the Gentleman*. At my first entering into the family, I was *troubled with the civility* of their rising up to me every time I came into the room; but my landlady observing that upon these occasions I always cried *pish*, and *went out again*, has forbidden any such ceremony to be used in the house; so that at present, I walk into the kitchen or parlour without being taken notice of, or giving any interruption to the business or discourse of the family. The maid will ask her mistress, though I am by, whether the Gentleman is ready to go to dinner, as the mistress, who is an excellent housewife, scolds at the servants as heartily before my face as behind my back. In short, I move up and down the house and enter into all companies with the same liberty as a cat or any other domestic animal, and am as little suspected of telling any thing I hear or see.

*For the Port Folio.*

[The ensuing essay, not to be found in Dr. Goldsmith's edition of his works, is interesting both for the matter and the style. The ridicule upon the bombast of Oriental expression will apply to more countries than can be found in the East.]

MANKIND have ever been prone to expatiate in the praise of human nature. The dignity of man is a subject that has always been the favourite theme of humanity; they have declaimed with that ostentation, which usually accompanies such as are sure of having a partial audience; they have obtained victories, because there were none to oppose. Yet, from all I have ever read or seen, men appear more apt to err by having too high, than by having too despicable, an opinion of their nature; and by attempting to exalt their original place in the creation, depress their real value in society.

The most ignorant nations have always

been found to think most highly of themselves. The Deity has ever been thought peculiarly concerned in their glory and preservation; to have fought their battles, and inspired their teachers: their wizards are said to be familiar with heaven; and every hero has a guard of angels as well as men to attend him. When the Portuguese first came among the wretched inhabitants of the coast of Africa, these savage nations readily allowed the strangers more skill in navigation and war; yet still considered them at best but as useful servants, brought to their coast, by their guardian Serpent, to supply them with luxuries they could have lived without.—Though they could grant the Portuguese more riches, they could never allow them to have such a king as their Tottimondelem, who wore a bracelet of shells round his neck, and whose legs were covered with ivory.

In this manner examine a savage in the history of his country and predecessors; you ever find his warriors able to conquer armies, and his sages acquainted with more than possible knowledge: human nature is to him an unknown country: he thinks it capable of great things, because he is ignorant of its boundaries; whatever can be conceived to be done he allows to be possible, and whatever is possible he conjectures must have been done. He never measures the actions and powers of others by what himself is able to perform, nor makes a proper estimate of the greatness of his fellows, by bringing it to the standard of his own capacity. He is satisfied to be one of a country where mighty things have been; and imagines the fancied power of others reflects a lustre on himself. Thus by degrees he loses the idea of his own insignificance in a confused notion of the extraordinary powers of humanity, and is willing to grant extraordinary gifts to every pretender, because unacquainted with their claims.

This is the reason, why demi-gods and heroes have ever been erected in times or countries of ignorance and barbarity: they addressed a people, who had high opinions of human nature, because they were ignorant how far it could extend; they addressed a people, who were willing to allow that men should be gods, because they were yet imperfectly acquainted with God and with man. These impostors knew, that all men are naturally fond of seeing something very great made from the little materials of humanity; that ignorant nations are not more proud of building a tower to reach heaven, or a pyramid to last for ages, than of raising up a demi-god of their own country and creation. The same pride, that erects a colossus or a pyramid, instals a god or an hero: but though the adoring savage can raise his colossus to the clouds, he can exalt the hero not one inch above the standard of humanity; incapable therefore of exalting the idol, he debases himself, and falls prostrate before him.

When man has thus acquired an erroneous idea of the dignity of his species, he and the gods become perfectly intimate: men are but angels, angels are but men, nay but servants: that stand in waiting to execute human commands. The Persians, for instance, thus address their prophet Haly: "I salute thee, glorious Creator, of whom the sun is but the shadow. Master-piece of the lord of human creatures, great star of justice and religion, the sea is not rich and liberal, but by the gifts of thy munificent hands. The angel treasurer of heaven reaps his harvest in the fertile gardens of the purity of thy nature. The *primum mobile* would never dart the ball of the sun through the trunk of heaven, were it not to serve the morning, out of the extreme love she has for thee. The angel Gabriel, messenger of truth, every day kisses the groundsel of thy gate. Were there a place more exalted than the most high throne of God, I would affirm it to be thy place, O master of the faithful! Gabriel, with all his art and knowledge, is but a mere scholar to thee." Thus, my friend, men think proper to treat angels; but if indeed there be such an order of beings, with what a degree of satirical contempt must they listen to the songs of little mortals thus flattering each other! thus to see creatures, wiser indeed than the monkey, and more active than the oyster, claiming to themselves a mastery of heaven! minims, the tenants of an atom, thus arrogating a partnership in the creation of universal nature! surely heaven is kind, that launches no thunder at those guilty heads: but it is kind, and regards their follies with pity, nor will destroy creatures, that it loved into being.

But whatever success this practice of making demi-gods might have been attended with in barbarous nations, I do not know that any man became a god in a country where the inhabitants were refined. Such countries generally have too close an inspection into human weakness, to think it invested with celestial power. They sometimes indeed admit the gods of strangers, or of their ancestors, who had their existence in times of obscurity; their weakness being forgotten, while nothing but their power and their miracles were remembered. The Chinese, for instance, never had a god of their own country; the idols which the vulgar worship at this day, were brought from the barbarous nations around them. The Roman Emperors, who pretended to divinity, were generally taught by a poignard that they were mortal; and Alexander, though he passed among barbarous countries for a real god, could never persuade his polite countrymen into a similitude of thinking. The Lacedæmonians shrewdly complied with his commands by the following sarcastic edict: Εἰ Αλεξανδρος βούλεται εἶναι Θεὸς, Θεὸς ἔστω.

## VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

ADDISON's favourite song of 'Sally in our Alley,' probably suggested the following.

Come buy my pretty violets blue,
Come buy of little Sally;
The choicest flowers that ever grew
In meadow, glade or valley.
Come buy, &c.

At twilight from my home I go,
And through the wide streets sally,
To fields where creeping violets grow,
And lilies of the valley.

And ere the great ones deign to rise,
They hear the voice of Sally,
That little girl who gaily cries
Sweet lilies of the valley.

The pleasure we often derive from the perusal of a song, is often the offspring of association. We remember to have heard it warbled perhaps by some charmer, and both the feelings of the heart and the powers of remembrance induced us to dwell upon it with delight. I think it probable that the satisfaction I feel in transcribing the following madrigal is derived, in part, from the recollection of the songstress who first gave it a voice to me.

## THE ROSARY.

Tho' oft we meet severe distress,
In venturing out to sea,
The perils of the storms seem less
When we to heaven our vows address
And sing the cheering Rosary.

Our kids, that rove the mountains wide,
And bound in harmless glee,
I seek each day at even tide,
And while their course I homeward guide,
I sing the cheering Rosary.

And in the deeper shades of night,
While through the woods I flee,
Where gloom and silence guilt affright,
To make my beating heart sit light,
I sing the cheering Rosary.

---

Bishop Horseley, in remarking upon that passage in the book of Samuel so often and so triumphantly quoted by the republican faction, as a valid argument against the regal power, asserts the contrary doctrine with admirable correctness.

It is not to be concluded from this expression that the Supreme Being dislikes the monarchical form of government. If this were the place for the discussion, it were easy to shew that the monarchical is the form most approved in Holy Writ; as it was also among the heathen the favourite government of the heroic ages; but the original form of government in Israel was a monarchy in which God himself was the monarch; and the priests, prophets, and judges, were his ministers.—When the Israelites therefore desired a king, they forgot that they had a king already, the Lord of all the earth condescending to be in a peculiar manner their immediate sovereign. Their petition for a king was in contempt of that sovereignty of God; and this was the circumstance by which they incurred God's displeasure in that petition.

*Inscription for a monument at old Sarum, Eng.*

Reader, if thou canst boast the noble name
Of Englishman, it is enough to know
Thou standest in old Sarum. But if chance
'Twas thy misfortune in some other land,
Inheritor of slavery, to be born,
Read, and be envious!—Dost thou see yon hut,
Its old mud mossy walls with many a patch
Spotted?—know, Foreigner, so wisely well
In England is it order'd, that the laws,
Which bind the people, from themselves should spring;
Know that the dweller in that little hut,
That wretched hovel, to the Senate sends
Two delegates. Think, Foreigner, where such
An individual's right, how happy all!

Those, who have been correctly educated are generally delighted with the absurdities of provincial language and provincial manners. The dialects of the northern counties in England are a pepetual fund of ridicule to the wits. The character and tones of a Yorkshireman in particular are the everlasting themes of the modern stage. These remarks are a sort of prelude to the "Yorkshire Concert," sung by Mr. Emery at Covent Garden.

Ize a Yorkshireman just come to town,
And my coming to town was a gay day,
For fortune here has set me down,
Waiting gentleman to a fine lady.
My lady gives galas and routs,
And her treats of the town are the talk here;
But nothing Ize seen hereabouts,
Equals one that was given in Yorkshire.

Johnny Fig was a green and white grocer,
In business as brisk as an eel, sir,
None than John to the shop could stick closer,
But his wife thought it quite ungenteel, Sir;
The neighbours resolved to cut out,
And astonish the rustic parishioners,
She invited them all to a rout,
And ax'd the village musicianers.

The company met, gay as larks, Sir,
Drawn forth all as fine as blown roses;
The concert commenced with the clerk, Sir,
Who chaunted the Vicar and Moses.
The barber sung Gallery of Wigs, Sir,
The gemmen all said 'twas the dandy,
And the ladies encor'd Johnny Fig, Sir,
Who volunteer'd Drops of Brandy.

The baker he sung a good batch,
While the lawyer for harmony willing,
With the bailiff he joined in the catch,
And the notes of the butchers were killing.
The wheelwright he put in his spoke,
The schoolmaster flogg'd on with furor,
The coalman he play'd the Black Joke,
And the fishwoman sung a Bravura.

To strike the assembly with wonder,
The miss screams a Quintelle, loud as Boreas,
Sung and wak'd farmer Thrasher's dog, Thunder,
Who, starting up, join'd in the chorus.
While a donkey the melody marking,
Chim'd in, which made a wag say, Sir,
Attend to the Rector of Barking,
's duet with the Vicar of Bray, Sir,

A brine tub half full of beef salted,
Madam Fig had tricked out for a seat, Sir,
Where the taylor to sing was exalted,
But the covering crack'd under his feet, Sir.
Snip was sous'd in the brine, but soon rising,
Bawl'd out, while they laugh'd at his grief, Sir,
Is 't a matter so monstrous surprising,
To see pickled cabbage with beef, Sir?

To a ball after the concert gave way,
And for dancing no soul could be riper,
So struck up the Devil to Pay,
While Johnny Fig well paid the Piper.
But the best thing came after the ball,
For, to finish the whole with perfection,
Madam Fig ax'd the gentlefolks all,
To sup on a cold collection.

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CONGREVE, especially since the just criticism of Dr. Johnson, is only consulted for the sake of his Comedies. His poetical pieces are for the most part woful stuff. But condemnation by wholesale is always dangerous. There must be exceptions, and even Congreve, with all his carelessness, is sometimes not less happy in his minor poems, than in The Old Bachelor, or Love for Love. Take for example, his address entitled

DORIS.

Let the polite reader pause at the sixth, ninth and fourteenth stanzas, and ask himself if there be any lack of genius there.

Doris, a nymph of riper age,
Has every grace and art,
A wise observer to engage,
Or wound a heedless heart.

Of native blush, and rosy dye,
Time has her cheek bereft;
Which makes the prudent nymph supply
With paint the injurious theft.

Her sparkling eyes she still retains,
And teeth in good repair;
And her well furnish'd front disdains
To grace with borrow'd hair.

Of size she is nor short nor tall,
And does to fat incline
No more than what the French would call
*Aimable Embonpoint.*

Farther her person to disclose,
I leave—let it suffice,
She has few faults but what she knows,
And can with skill *dis*guise.

She many lovers has refus'd,
With many more complied;
Which, like her clothes, when little us'd
She always lays aside.

She 's one, who looks with great contempt
On each affected creature,
Whose nicety would him exempt
From appetites of nature.

She thinks they want or health or sense,
Who want an inclination;
And therefore never takes offence
At him, who pleads his passion.

Whom she refuses she treats still,
With so much sweet behaviour,
That her refusal, through her skill,
Looks almost like a favour.

Since she this softness can express
To those whom she rejects,
She must be very fond, you 'll guess,
Of such whom she affects.

But here our Doris far outgoes
All that her sex have done;
She no regard to custom knows,
Which reason bids her shun.

By reason, her own reason 's meant,
Or, if you please, her will:
For, when this last is discontent,
The first is serv'd but ill.

Peculiar therefore is her way;
Whether by nature taught,
I shall not undertake to say,
Or by experience bought.

But who at night obtain'd her grace,
She can next day disown,
And stare upon the strange man's face,
As one she ne'er had known.

So well she can the truth disguise,
Such artful wonder frame,
The lover or distrusts his eyes,
Or thinks 'twas all a dream.

Some censure this, as lewd and low,
Who are to bounty blind;
For to forget what we bestow,
Bespeaks a noble mind.

Doris our thanks nor asks nor needs:
For all her favours done.
From her love flows, as light proceeds
Spontaneous from the sun.

Or one or other still he fires,
Display their genial force,
And she, like Sol, alone retires,
To shine elsewhere of course.

# ORIGINAL POETRY.

*For the Port Folio.*

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The following simple, but beautiful, epitaph on Cervantes, needs no introduction but its merit.

E. H. S.

*Epitafio de Cervantes.*

Caminaute, el peregrino
Cervantes aqui se encierra.
Su cuerpo cubre la tierra,
No su nombre que es divino.
Enfin, hizo el camino;
Pero su fama no es muerta,
Ni sus obras, prenda cierta,
De que pudo en la partida
Desde esta à la eterna vida
Ir la caza descubierta.

---

If you please you may annex the following translation in French.

*Epitaphede Cervantes.*

Arrête toi, O voyageur,
Saavedra est içi,
Içi Miguel le codeur
Enfin reste enseveli.

Son corps couvre cette colline,
Non sa gloire qui est divine;
Ses jours maintenant sout remplis,
Et sa carriere finie.

Mais sa reputation
Brille encore avec éclat,
Et ses œuvres qui sont et seront
Un prix qui toujours resterra.

Les ruels n'étant point de disgrace
Il peut se decouvrir la face,
Et monter sans crainte au ciel
Chercher la vie éternelle.

---

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

If the following attempt to render in English the beautiful Greek Ode by Mr. T. Moore, prefixed to Longworth's New York edition of his Anacreon, be thought worthy of attention, its admission into the Port Folio will be pleasing to

PHESOI ECNEPS.

## ODE.

*Imitated from the Greek of Mr. T. Moore.*

On a couch, with roses smiling,
Time and age and care beguiling,
Old Anacreon once reclined,
And all his thoughts to joy resigned.
Oft he touched his shell divine,
And quaffing oft the sparkling wine,
Watched the smiles on beauty's cheek
Which to the heart so sweetly speak.
Round him danced a jovial band,
Laughing Cupids, hand in hand,
Gentle Loves, in blushes dressed,
And Graces with half loosened vest.
He, the little magic darts,
Kindling love in tender hearts,
And the fatal Paphian bow,
Source of sweet impassioned woe,
Trembling, smiling hastes to form
And at Paphias shrine to warm;
Whilst the Cytherian King,
Hovering light on lucid wing,
Interweaving daffodillies,
Ivy pale and dewy lilies,
With the Rose of blushing red,
Crowned the hoary poet's head.
From her throne amid the skies,
Mildness beaming in her eyes,
Wisdom gazing on the scene,
Of Goddesses above the Queen,
Thus addressed the Teian sage,
"On Anacreon, in this age,
Why do all this praise bestow,
"Wisest of the life below."
Why consume the flying hours,
In Delight's enchanted bowers,
And thy days to Bacchus give,
Nor from Wisdom learn to live.
Why does Cytherea's kiss.
Balmy source of wildest bliss,
And the rosy blushing tide,
Gaily brightning at thy side,
Give thee sweetly fatal pleasures;
Whilst my never failing treasures,
Rich with wisdom's holy ray,
Harbinger of beaming day,
And with Genius radiant flame,
Never thy attention claim."
"Goddess, said the bard, because
I am called, without thy laws,
Wisest of the wise below,
Who with wisdom's fervor glow,
Look not frowning from the skies,
Anger sparkling in thy eyes,
But let smiles complacence speak,
And blushing dimples tinge thy cheek:
Lovely damsels, sweetly smiling,
Festive music, care beguiling,
Lyric song and rosy wine,
These forever shall be mine.
Old Anacreon loves to toy,
For, since I have played the boy,
Like my lyre, veiled in wreaths,
Love alone my bosom breathes.
Thus forever pleasure tasting,
Thus my days in pleasure wasting.
On me wisdom's meed bestow,
Who is wiser here below?—"

*For the Port Folio.*

New Haven, March 21, 1806.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I send you translations of several Spanish Epigrams, which have been published in your paper, at different times, and which may perhaps be not unacceptable to you If they please you, I shall be satisfied; though I cannot but think them deficient both in the delicate beauty of the Greek Epigram and the pointed wit of the Latin.

E. H. S.

## LEANDER.

When fearless o'er the deep Leander pressed,
In anxious Hero's arms soon to be blessed,
And felt the unpitying waves around him roll,
And quell the rigour of his dauntless soul,
E'er to the faithful lamp and unseen maid
He bade a last adieu, the youth thus said,
"On my return, around my pale corse roar;
"But spare me till I reach yon wished-for shore."

*On an immoderate snuff-taker.*

Here lies an old fellow, who took so much snuff,
Whilst alive by Tobacco befriended,
That I safely aver, 'tis more dust than enough,
To bury him now that life 's ended.

*Epigram.*

Old Ovid affirms, as too clear to be shown,
That the thing most impossible ever yet known,
Is that fire should generate water; but I,
Without asking his leave, the truth of this deny.
Nor will it be hard my assertion to prove,
Since I have seen two who were weeping through love.

*On Heraclitus and Democritus.*

This laughs at the troubles of Man,
That weeps for them with feeling heart;
This views but life's comical scenes,
That only the tragical part.

*On a squinting lover.*

If it be true, as poets say,
That love, so fond of amorous play,
To the heart steals thro' the eyes
And takes his victims by surprize,
Since your's is such a squinting pair,
I know not how he managed there.

## EPIGRAMS.

Says Richard to Joe, "thou art a very sad dog;
And thou canst write verses no more than a log."
Says Joseph to Dick, "prithee, ring rhyme, get hence.
Sure my verses at least are as good as thy sense."
Was e'er such a contest recorded in song?—
The one 's in the right, the other 's not wrong.

Chloe, a jilt, while in her prime,
The vainest ficklest thing alive,
(Behold the strange effects of time)
Marries and doats at forty five.
Thus weathercocks, which for a while
Have turn'd about with every blast,
Grown old, and destitute of oil,
Rust to a point, and fix at last.

*The Chair of Government.*

When Beelzebub first to make mischief began,
He the woman attack'd, and she gull'd the poor man;
This Moses asserts, and we hence may infer
That woman rules Man, and the *Devil rules her!*

*The Miser's Vault.*

Thy cellars, friend, may justly vaults be styl'd,
Where casks on casks, on bottles bottles pil'd,
By locks and bolts so closely are confin'd,
Thy liquor 's *dead* and *buried* to mankind.

Because I 'm silent, for a fool,
Beau Clincher doth me take;
I know he 's one by surer rule,
For—I heard Clincher speak.

On seeing a *Narcissus* in the bosom of a beautiful young Lady.

If Chloe's swelling seat of joy,
Had been thy blissful bier,
Then hadst thou died, enamour'd boy,
Not for thyself—but her.

*On a notorious liar.*

Honest *Harry 's* alive! how d'ye know it? says Ned,
O! I 'm perfectly sure—for *Dick said he was dead.*

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